THE ARGUMENT.

The Author ſtanding on Shakeſpeare's Cliff, near Dover, and looking towards the coaſt of France, reflects on the time when Cæſar invaded Britain.—An apoſtrophe to Ambition, and its dire effects—Cæſar's ſuppoſed Speech to his troops before his deſcent on Britain—the Britiſh valour—the Gallic ſervitude—The conteſt of Lewis XVI. with his Parliaments, and their ſtruggle for Liberty—The fatal effects of papal ignorance—The proſpect of the Meſſiah's kingdom, and univerſal peace and harmony—The Slave-trade aboliſhed—right notions of Liberty—Satan bound—the Inquiſition aboliſhed, and the fall of Rome—Apoſtrophe to the Miſſion of Auſtin to convert the Engliſh—the true Goſpel-Zeal—the burning of the Engliſh Martyrs in Smithfield—Exhortation to unity and brotherly love—the folly of national prejudice—Advice to the French to catch the Spirit of Britiſh Liberty—A prayer that true Goſpel-Liberty may ſoon ſpread over the Globe.

MILLENNIAL LIBERTY,

A POEM

SAY, mighty Cæſar, whilſt on yonder ſtrand
Thou ſtood'ſt and view'd this fair, this fertile land;
What prompted thee to leave the Gallic coaſt,
Or lur'd thee hither with thy conqu'ring hoſt?
Was it ambition, or the love of fame;
To gain renown, and eternize thy name?
To let the nations hear of thee from far,
And blazon on thy ſhield the feats of war?
Ambition!—ah!—how baneful is its rage!
Its dire effects were felt in ev'ry age!
By this a brilliant ſtar from glory fell,
For ever doom'd to gloomy ſhades in hell;
When he conceiv'd the thought which thus broke forth,
"I'll fix my ſplendid throne beſide the North;

From whence I'll ride triumphant o'er the ſky,
And equal him whom others call MOST HIGH."
Juſt ſo the world beheld a Babel riſe,
Whoſe builders vainly thought to ſcale the ſkies;
'Till ſoon confuſion ſeiz'd, and vengeance hurl'd
The guilty crew, and drove them thro' the world.
See Xerxes * ſtrive to calm the raging deep,
And laſh the winds, and billows into ſleep!
Behold how Athos opes to give him way,
And all his army walks acroſs the Sea!
But ſee his millions ſoon diſpers'd and gone,
Like drops of dew before the noon-day ſun!
Another haughty Monarch rears his creſt,
And views great Babylon from Eaſt to Weſt;
Then ſtruts and ſwells with arrogance and pride,
As if the Lord of all the world beſide:
"Behold this city which myſelf have made!
Let Princes tremble: Nations be afraid!"

But

* Xerxes is ſaid to have cut a channel through Mount Athos: to have built a bridge of boats over the Helleſpont where it was three miles broad; and commanded the winds and ſeas to be whipt, becauſe they oppoſed his paſſage when he went to invade Greece.

But ſee, anon, the boaſter's laid in duſt,
To feed with brutes; and owns the judgment juſt!
Peruſe the ſacred and hiſtoric page,
And trace ambitious men from age to age;
Their footſteps you'll behold all ſtain'd with blood,
And empires bluſhing at the crimſon flood:
Theſe mournful trophies they have left behind;
But of themſelves what relicks can we find?
Perhaps a pillar there, and here a buſt,
Or little urn, which holds the hero's duſt!
Oh! what are golden crowns, or precious gems,
And all the pageantry of diadems!
Or what are honours, titles, mighty names,
But paſſing vapours, or mere empty dreams!
Aſk *Alexander*; aſk the northern *Swede*‡,
How many towns in aſhes they have laid?
How many kingdoms they have drench'd with gore,
And why they thirſted ſtill, and graſp'd at more?
Aſk them, what pleaſure in the ſhades below,
The retroſpective view affords them now?
Oh! what are all the triumphs of an hour;
Or what avails this curſed thirſt of power!

Say,

‡ Charles XII.

Say, what could ſenates give by their decree,
But ſhort-liv'd honours, Cæſar, paid to thee?
And what were all the battles thou had'ſt won,
And all the kingdoms thou hadſt over-run;
When thou thy laurell'd head didſt ſtrive to hide,
And felt the poniard plunging in thy ſide?
When *Brutus* let thee know thou wert a man,
And even Cæſar's life was but a ſpan!
An *Alexander* puſh'd his conqueſts Eaſt;
Didſt thou, to emulate him, travel Weſt?
He found his progreſs bounded by the Sea;
But wouldſt thou go ſtill further e'en than He?
When theſe bright Cliffs thy eagle-eye ſurvey'd,
(Thy arm ſtill nerv'd, thy ſoul ſtill undiſmay'd)
To chear thy troops, and rouſe their martial fire,
And ſtill with thirſt of fame their breaſts t' inſpire;
Thou ſhewd'ſt, perhaps, and bade them view them o'er,
Theſe beauteous hills, and Albion's whiten'd Shore.
"See there (thou ſaidſt) my legions, See that Land!
Within your reach; for, lo! 'tis juſt at hand!
And what can Cæſar's Roman troops withſtand!
The lands ye've conquer'd, which are not a few;
And this, among the reſt, I'll give to you:

That

That country, ſure, that rich, that fertile Soil,
Will pleaſe your eye, and recompence your toil:
It now invites you by its ſmiling face;
Poſſeſs it then, ye bold, ye hardy race!
Come on, my vet'rans, let us croſs the Sea!
Riſe up and follow;—Cæſar leads the way!"
But, did'ſt thou gain an eaſy conqueſt here?
No—even Cæſar bought the victory dear.
The Britiſh valour then by thee was prov'd,
And Britons fought for what they dearly lov'd:
Their Land invaded, and their public weal!
This, this enkindled all their patriot zeal;
For, Britons always ſenſibly could feel!
They therefore ſtood embattl'd on this coaſt,
To check the inſults of a foreign Hoſt;
Reſolv'd to quell the foe, or bravely fall,
Maintain their Liberty, ſo dear to all;
Nor tamely yield their necks like ſervile *Gaul* ||.
Ah! *Gallia*, doſt thou ſtill embrace thy chain,
Nor ever hop'ſt to raiſe thy head again;
But think'ſt while baſely bending to thy fate,
That e'en to ſtruggle now may be too late?

See

|| Cæſar having over-ran all Gaul, and ſubdued it, then made a deſcent upon Britain.

See *Lewis* yonder rivetting the yoke*,
And FREEDOM yielding to the fatal ſtroke!
But ere ſhe die, or totally expire,
Let Frenchmen catch one ſpark of Britiſh fire!
Let all aſſert their Rights, ſo freely giv'n;
Their privilege divine, the gift of heav'n!
Let Deſpots know, before ye bend the knee,
That Subjects have their Rights: by birth are free:
Have right to think; nor do we ever find
That GOD hath put a ſhackle on the mind.
No—all his bleſſings are as free as air,
And therefore ye may boldly claim your Share:
Let *Lewis* know, (that haughty tool of Rome!)
That Liberty abridg'd will fix his doom:
Tell him, your Liberty you highly prize,
That bleſſing which the Britons idolize:
Tell him, for this ye'll pour a crimſon flood
O'er *Gallia's* plains, and deluge it with blood:
Let haughty tyrants learn, from ages paſt,
That cords, when pull'd too tight, will break at laſt:

And

* At the time when this was written, the King of France was contending with his Parliaments; and baniſhed moſt of the Members, and ſome of the Nobility to their Country Seats.

And if they ſtretch Prerogative too far,
'Twill cauſe much bloodſhed, or a civil war;
'Twill force the mildeſt Subjects to rebel,
And where the flood ſhall ſtop, pray who can tell?
To you I look, th' Inhabitants of *Gaul*,
With pity look; and loudly on you call:
Reject the maxims taught by papal *Rome*;
Nor think the BIBLE only fit for *ſome*:
The laws, which all muſt keep, ſure all ſhould read;
Then weigh maturely, ere you form your creed;
Examine well, and weigh in Reaſon's Scale,
The word of GOD, and let the TRUTH prevail;
Let ſuperſtitious darkneſs take its flight;
Be baniſh'd to the realms of endleſs night;
There hatch its errors foul, (a motley train!)
But never on our Earth appear again!
I ſee, indeed, a day juſt near at hand,
When Goſpel-light ſhall ſpread to ev'ry land;
When maſſacres, and wars, and feuds ſhall ceaſe,
And wolves with lambs and kids lie down in peace;
When lions, tygers, leopards, in one fold,
Shall live in love, and take a ſofter mould:
When Chriſtians, Jews, and Pagans ſhall agree,
And ev'ry heart be tune'd to harmony;

MESSIAH comes !—Ride on, thou Prince of peace !
O haſte, and bring theſe happy, halcyon days !
Diffuſe thy beams o'er all the earth abroad,
Till all, thro' thee, ſhall know the mighty GOD !
Let all behold thy banner ſoon unfurl'd ;
And thy meek Spirit reigning in the world !
Let ev'ry feature in thy likeneſs ſhine,
And ev'ry face be heav'nly and divine !
No longer then ſhall ſcowling Envy peep
With ſide-long glance, or laugh whilſt others weep :
But all ſhall ſmile, and look ſerenely gay,
And taſte the bleſſings of a Goſpel-day :
Shall ſit beneath their fig-tree and their vine,
And none ſhall at another's lot repine :
No longer then ſhall *Afric's* Sons complain,
Or writhe their necks beneath a galling chain ;
Nor ſhall her daughters, in a foreign land,
Expos'd and naked in the market ſtand ;
Or ſatisfy their maſter's brutal luſt ;
The very thought of which provokes diſguſt !
Oh ! horrid trade !—Oh ! curſed thirſt of gold !
What !—human beings to be bought and ſold !
How could it e'er 'mong rationals take place,
Which ſo defiles, degrades, and ſhames our race !

Could

Could *Adam* ſee his children thus forlorn,
Debas'd, deſpis'd, and treated thus with ſcorn;
Behold their backs with crimſon gore embru'd,
And e'en the earth all ſtain'd with clots of blood;
Behold his free-born children, ſold for Slaves,
Submit their necks, and crouch to ſordid knaves;
He'd leave, if poſſible, the realms of light,
And come to earth, deteſting ſuch a ſight;
Indignant come, to break their tyrants' rod,
And, having made them free, return to God.

But hark!—ye drooping Souls, diſpel your fear;
The ſecond Adam ſhortly will appear:
He'll come anon to ſet the captives free,
Proclaim to all the year of Jubilee,
And ev'ry tongue ſhall cry—'tis He!—'tis He!
He'll reign on earth, and reign with mildeſt ſway,
For, love conſtrains his ſubjects to obey:
His light ſhall ſhine, and ignorance give place,
Whoſe clouds have long involv'd the human race;
His light ſhall ſoon illumine ev'ry mind,
And they ſhall ſee, who long were dark and blind:
O glorious light!—Soon may it ſpread around,
And Goſpel-freedom ſtill be gaining ground:

'Till all ſhall rouſe, and break the helliſh chain,
Nor yield their necks to tyranny again:
No longer hood-wink'd, or by Abbots dup'd,
Or Monks and Friars in a Convent coop'd!
May Liberty o'er all extend her wing,
And underneath may peaſants ſmile and ſing;
And thro' the world the ſound of FREEDOM ring!
But, Let the bleſſing, thus to all diffus'd,
Be highly priz'd, not wantonly abus'd:
For, Goſpel-liberty, well underſtood,
Makes proud men humble, and the wicked good;
Reclaims the Libertine, and makes him chaſte,
And gives the moſt refined, exalted taſte:
Reſtores to Man a dignity of Soul,
And keeps the paſſions under ſweet controul;
But ſpurns the proud Impoſtor's § nauſeous ſchemes,
His Paradiſe for fools, and luſcious dreams:
For, Chriſt comes down to make our Nature pure,
To heal our wound, and to complete the cure;
To purge our droſs; our earthly to refine;
And ſtamp on Adam's race the ſtamp divine:
He comes to make his Subjects truly free,
And grant to all primæval Liberty;

That

§ Mahomet.

That they may live as Angels do above,
And drink the ſtream of pure perennial love;
May ſit as Prieſts and Kings around his Throne,
And with their Head eternally be one.
He ſhall ere long reſtore the golden age,
And baniſh evil from this earthly ſtage:
No *hurting* ſhall in all his Mount take place§,
Nor diſcord then divide the human race:
She long indeed had ſpread her deadly bane,
And Satan had his time on earth to reign;
But, having triumph'd and prevail'd his hour,
He ſoon muſt yield to a ſuperior Pow'r,
Then firmly bound ſhall dwell in endleſs night,
For ever baniſh'd from the realms of light;
'Midſt clanking fetters, adamantine chains,
And gnaſhing teeth, reſulting from the pains
Of thoſe, who once had own'd his wretched ſway,
Who willfully were blind, and choſe to' obey;
Denied their Lord, refus'd his gentle yoke,
Or having own'd him, then again forſook;
And follow'd Satan thro' the dreary gloom,
'Till JUSTICE now hath ſeal'd their final doom.

Alas!

§ Iſaiah xi. 9.

Alas! how long did this Deſtroyer kill,
And ſpread on earth his burning murd'ring zeal;
Exciting men to torture for a thought,
And damn the Souls which Chriſt had ſurely bought!
O horrid Court §! thy head muſt ſhortly ſink,
For, men begin to let each other think:
The *Queen of Nations* falls to riſe no more,
And papal tyranny will ſoon be o'er:
Yes, Babylon ſhall fall with all her Spires,
Her Domes and Towers in ſulphureous fires ‡:
The Kings, who long had trembled at her nod,
No longer dread to feel her iron rod;
But claim their rights, and dare to think as men,
Nor will they deign to yield to her again.
But on reflection, now I call to mind,
The time, when *Rome* to Britons once was kind;
When ſhe had ~~once~~ much at heart our public weal,
And ſhew'd her friendſhip by an ardent zeal:

An

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§ The Inquiſition.

‡ It is very probable that Rome will be ſwallowed up by an Earthquake occaſioned by the Volcanoes of Ætna and Veſuvius, which muſt by this time have hollowed the earth to a great diſtance, perhaps very near to Rome.

An *Austin* then by *Gregory* was sent,
To civilize th' Inhabitants of *Kent*;
And next to publish, by express command,
The Scripture-truths, and spread them thro' the Land:
To sow in *British* soil the heav'nly Seed,
And preach that CHRIST, of whom we all have need:
Their kindness now we're ready to repay,
Since we enjoy a brighter light than they:
A mission we can send to France and Spain,
And re-baptize old *Rome* with fire again;
The fire of love which she hath almost lost,
The fire of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
The spark, which strangely life divine imparts,
Refines and softens adamantine hearts:
Diffuses gentle ardor in its course,
Attracts and wooes, but never uses force:
Great-Britain now a fiery zeal disclaims,
And recollects with horror Smithfield's flames:
Yet in these flames a brilliant spark was found,
Which shed its glorious lustre all around:
This spark, rekindled here in *Mary's* days,
Was ne'er extinct; but now begins to blaze:
And blaze it shall, 'till time shall be no more;
Then catch it, whilst ye may, from Albion's Shore:

The

The beacon now is lighted on a hill,
That all around may ſee it, if they will:
The trumpet ſounds—" glad tidings, days of grace!"
And calls back rebels to the Prince of peace;
Ye Nations, liſten, hear it from afar;
Ceaſe, ceaſe from tumult, and inteſtine war!
Your ſwords to plowſhares beat, and till the ſoil;
And let the earth o'erflow with wine and oil;
Let friendſhip, kindneſs, amity, take place,
And mutual love appear in ev'ry face:
Let each to God, their common centre, cleave,
And breathe their Souls to Him, in whom they live:
Let all the Kingdoms yield to Chriſt's alone,
And all their fooliſh prejudice be gone;
'Till they as branches into Jeſus grow,
And form one Church, one family below:
Alas! how long did bigotry and pride,
Intrigue of Courts and Miniſters divide
Theſe lands ſo near, yea once in nature join'd‡,
And ſhed the blood of thouſands of mankind;

We

‡ It is evident that theſe lands were once joined; but whether they were ſevered at the Deluge, or by any other concuſſion of the earth, cannot now be aſcertained.

We now deplore, deteſt the foul diſgrace,
And hang out unto you the flag of peace:
See how it waves on yonder ſtately Tow'r,
Declaring to mankind that war is o'er!
And when ye view the Caſtle || on that brow;
Let this to Frenchmen prove a Pharos now,
To guide them thro' the dark and dreary gloom
Of Superſtition hatch'd in papal Rome:
They then ſhall ſail into the Port of eaſe,
And there enjoy the ſweets of glorious Peace!
Let Dover Cliffs, ſo pleaſing to the ſight,
Appear an emblem of the Goſpel-light:
May all mankind ſoon catch the Britiſh flame,
And all the world rejoice at Jeſu's name!
May Engliſh Liberty ſoon ſpread to *Gaul*,
From thence to *Spain*, *to China*, and *Bengal*:
May England's Freedom ſound thro' all the earth,
Till all aſſert and claim their noble birth;
Maintain their charter, and their birth-right free,
And hand them down to late poſterity:
May this bleſt land be known to Adam's race;
A land of LIGHT, of LIBERTY, and PEACE!—

F I N I S.

|| Dover Caſtle.